

# FIREMAN'S JOURNAL

A Weekly Chronicle of the Fire Department, Military, Masonic, Turf, Field Sports, Regattas, Hunting, Angling, Theatrical, and General News of California.

VOL. VI—NO 14,

SAN FRANCISCO: SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 3, 1858.

WHOLE NO. 144.

CHARLES M. CHASE, Proprietor.

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BY CHARLES M. CHASE.

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THE FIREMAN'S JOURNAL AND MILITARY GAZETTE is published every Saturday morning, and served to City Subscribers at Fifty Cents per month, payable to the Carrier. It will also be mailed for six months for \$2.50 or \$5.00 a year payable invariably in advance.

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No attention whatever will be paid to anonymous publications. Any person wishing articles published in the "Journal" must accompany them with the name of the author.

Advertisements will be inserted at the lowest rates.

All descriptions of Job Printing attended to promptly.

(From the New York Leader.)

The Bummer's Whisper.

A supererogation! to a great extent in this community, that where an old traveller is caught sleeping in a brougham, he is certain to get ten days.—[See Angel's Whisper.]

A bummer lying asleep;

His partner was sleeping;

Inside of a brougham these worthless had found;

And the rain it was falling.

In torrents appalling,

And swearing quite round;

Expressed his belief, though it rained, he was dry.

At day light next morning,

The Policeman's warning,

Arouses these two bummer's and bid them pre-

pare.

To go to a station,

Adapted for roosters that live everywhere.

The Justice potential

That was essential

To give them good advice, away from the dew,

That giving each ten days,

With a lectured appendage,

He said "that small brougham would never hold two."

## LOST.

The Story of Four Young Men.

IV.—THE MURDER AND SUICIDE.

(Continued.)

Ten years passed away. In my happy home, surrounded by my wife and children, I rarely gave a thought to the wild days of my youth, and was gradually settling myself down into a drabrum attorney at law. My profession enlisted all the intellectual energy which I possessed, and for recreation and happiness I did not desire to look beyond the affectionate home circle which met me each day with loving smiles and caresses. If in the midst of my toils, or my evening joys, the figures of Marquis Cotesbury and his companions ever rose before me—if the beautiful face of Caroline Francis my wife's former friend smiled in my memory—if, in a word, that old life came back, in a dream as it were, I did not long continue to dwell upon it. As we pass on life things change in value for—old ties become looser—we have a lingering kindness for old times, and old faces; but the wife at our side, the children round our knees, soon rout all our dreams, and bring us back to the sweater reality. To sum up every thing, Marquis Cotesbury and his companions had entirely disappeared from my horizon, when one morning a letter was laid on my table which recalled old things.

It was a request from Marquis that I would come to—at as early a moment as I found convenient; he required my assistance in a matter of important business. Our Superior Court had just adjourned, and the request, which at any other time I could not have responded to was perfectly feasible. On the very next morning therefore I took the stage coach, and set out for the city of—. In those days travelling was a very tedious affair; and as I should be at least two days upon the road, I determined to arrange my time economically—a portion for conversation, another for thought, another for observation of the country.

In the prosecution of this plan I met with but one obstacle. This was the presence of two men upon the outside of the vehicle who were intoxicated, and continued throughout the day to utter the most disgusting oaths. When the coach stopped for the night these men had an alteration with driver, who declined attempting a very dangerous piece of road in the pitch darkness. He remained stubborn and immovable, and the quarreling passengers finally staggered off to the bar-room of the tavern where they called for whisky-punches, and applied themselves assiduously to the task of "making a night of it."

As they passed me I thought there was something familiar in the faces blotted and blotched by habits of confirmed intemperance, an idea occurred to me that I had defended one at least of them in a criminal trial some years before. I could not be certain of this, however, and dismissed the subject from my mind, selecting another apartment for my newspaper, and glad to get away from their drunken revelry. At ten o'clock, as I passed the bar-room, I saw the two men wrestling with each other, and uttering oaths

mingled with drunken laughter; and, not wishing toadden myself longer with the spectacle I retired to sleep.

I had slept two or three hours, I suppose, when a sudden outcry, followed by the explosion of a pistol, suddenly awakened me. I hastily drew on my clothes and descended to the lower floor where a confused crowd of persons, and lights moving about, indicated some terrible source of excitement. I shall never forget the horrible spectacle which greeted my eyes as I entered the common room. At two paces from the door, one of the two men I had left drinking lay dead, with a terrible wound in his forehead, evidently produced by the ball of a pistol; at the other end of the apartment, his companion was supported in the arms of the landlord—his breast covered with blood, his countenance as pale as ashes. He was evidently dying, and indeed expired in a few minutes after my entrance. But before his eyes became glazed we exchanged a glance which made me draw back, faint and shuddering. I had recognized in that changed look of the dying, my friend of other days, Tom Francis. An examination of the other's face revealed also the fact that his companion was the kindest of good fellows—the sunbeam of our old revels—poor Charley Ashton.

Marquis apologized for "Mrs. Cotesbury's" non-appearance. She was a little unwell to-day, and begged to be excused. So we dined in solitary state, surrounded by a dozen servants, silent, and moving noiselessly.

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**The Fireman's Journal**  
AND MILITARY GAZETTE.  
MARCUS D. BORUCK, Editor  
ISAN FRANCISCO  
SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1858.

Sacramento Agency.

Mr. E. BORUCK is our only regularly authorized agent at Sacramento, to receive and collect subscriptions, and to attend to all matters pertaining to it. All orders for the *Fireman's Journal*, left at the Book store of *CARRELL & HOSSACK*, Read's Building, Third street near the Post Office, will be promptly attended to.

Several times before, we have called attention to the unif location of the belfry on the City Hall, so far as giving fire alarms is concerned, and we return to the subject now, believing that something should be done immediately to remedy the evil, for it is. It is almost impossible to do at night for the residents above Stockton streets, to hear the slightest vibration of the Hall bell, and to those living in the Valley, or at the extreme North and South ends of the city, such as a stroke of the Hall bell, is unheard of. It is useless for us to enter into an argument to show the necessity of a speedy alarm when a fire occurs, for it is half the victory; and unless the proper appliances are placed at the disposal of the duly appointed persons for the duty, it is useless for them to attempt to fulfil it.

The working members of the Fire Department, at night, are within doors, either improving and cultivating their minds, or seeking that repose which nature affords the weary. They are not to be found lounging around the engine or truck house, "spiling" for an alarm, and breeding discord and confusion, but quietly await the sound of the bell; and then as quickly respond to it. These are the men who demand the improvement we ask for. Many of them are men of families, and live on the outskirts of the city or on the hills, who would do active duty willingly, provided they are warned of its necessity.

From the Hall bell, not one-fifth of the inhabited portions of the city can be seen; and in the event, no alarm could be given, unless the bell ringer was informed of its locality. The proper place for a bell tower to be located, is at the corner of California and Powell street, from which point, the entire city, from Rincon to Clark's Point, and from the Bay to Larkin street, the Presidio and the Mission, could be seen at a glance. The bell could be so placed in the tower, that every sound from it could be heard with ease, at the extreme points of the city and surroundings. With a bell located at the point designated, an alarm struck would be depended upon as a true one, and there would be a much more general turn-out than there is now. The bell ringer could distinguish a fire, with much more promptness than at present, and being so far elevated above the entire city, could see whether a rising smoke proceeded from an actual fire or the usual one from a chimney, and act accordingly. Erecting a bell tower at a point so remote from all noise and confusion, there would not be one-tenth the useless alarms struck, as there have been heretofore. The bell ringer would not have so many excuses to offer, and would be far more attentive.

If there is any doubt as to the misplaced position of alarm bell, let the Supervisors of the 2d, 4th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th Districts, visit the Belfry and see for themselves how large a portion of their respective districts can be seen from it, and our word for it, the view will somewhat astonish them.

The improvement asked for by the firemen, although it may involve an expenditure of money, it is of no individual interest to them, but it is one in which the entire community have an interest, the Board of Supervisors included. We believe if the Chief Engineer of the Fire Department, and the Fire and Water Committee of the Board, will take the matter in hand and push it to a successful termination, the people, and we are confident the firemen, will endorse whatever outlay may have been incurred by them in making the improvement sought for.

**SMART BUT UNDIGNIFIED.**—An immense crowd has assembled in the lobby of the room of the Board of Delegates for several nights past, during the sessions of that body, and consequently communication with the Board, from the outside, has been seriously felt the necessity of some kind of drink, while the stormy debates and angry discussions were in progress, and knowing that it was impossible to get through the crowd safely, devised a plan for obtaining it. A pitcher was lowered down from the roof, through one of the skylights, and each delegate sent up a bucket, water container, and sent back. As a variation, brandy and sandwiches were fastened to the string by the sympathizers on the roof and let down, to the merriment of the spectators and satisfaction of those who received the articles. This operation was repeated so often that the dignity of the Board of Delegates was somewhat impaired, and when they talk about being judges and juries vested with important powers by solemn act of the Legislature, they act like a fourth-rate debating society, encouraging disorder and confusion, rather than restraining it. It is unlike firemen, and no credit to the department they represent.

The above is from the *Times and Town Talk* of Thursday, and is an endorsement of the position we have heretofore taken in the matter. The scenes which have taken place in the Board of Delegates, from time to time, would have disgraced the lowest bar room in town. When we have spoken in relation to it, partisanship has been laid to our door, but we presume the same charge cannot be made against the paper quoted from. From all we can understand, Col. Mahony, the President of the Department, did all in his power to prevent the Board, but the elements were too discordant for him, and he was obliged to succumb.

**IN OUR ISSUE OF JUNE 11TH,** when alluding to the disgraceful treatment exhibited towards Col. Mahony, President of the Department, at a meeting of the Board of Delegates July 8th, we held the following language, which we understand now:

"That the Board of Delegates should be abolished, there is no manner of doubt, for sufficient has transpired to impress the minds of the unbiased, that it will work no benefit to the organization, but that on the contrary it will be its death warrant."

**FORRESPONDENT.**—We take great pleasure in informing our Marysville readers that "Clement," formerly the correspondent of the *Spirit of the Times* from that city, has become the regular correspondent of this paper, and we promise them interesting letters on fire and general matters from their city.

**REPORT.**—We are indebted to our Boston Correspondent "Red Jack" for a report of the condition of the Boston Fire Department for the year 1857. We shall take occasion to refer to it at a future time.

In Town.—M. L. Bird, Esq., Assistant Engineer of the Stockton Fire Department, honored us with a visit on New Year's day. Mr. Bird is one of Stockton's staunchest business men, and is as popular as ever.

From Our Regular Correspondent.

SACRAMENTO, Dec. 31, 1857.

**Editor Fireman's Journal.**—We have had two alarms since my last, one Christmas night at 11 o'clock, from a bell caused by chimney of Western Hotel; No. 3 stretched for service. The other about 12 o'clock yesterday morning also from 3's bell, caused by the partial burning of a block of five wooden tenements on J between 5th and 6th streets, occupied by J. F. Kloppeberg, Harper & Stuart, Steinfels & Co and Rothbury, Co. Loss I should judge about \$5,000, the buildings will probably be repaired and occupied again in a few days. No. 4 first water, No. 1, next, everything in service.

The wheel of No. 5's hose carriage having been repaired, came in again near the corner of 5th and K streets. No. 6 is backing down to take suction at the corner of 6th and J broke their suction and afterwards took the hydrant at the corner of I and Oth. The whole department were on the ground in remarkably quick time.

Miss Ince gave Neptune a benefit last night, which certainly judging from the size of the house must have netted them more than sufficient to repair their carriage, which the city was too stingy to buy.

At 9 o'clock precisely, all the clerks in the office were assembled together in the centre of the office, when this beautiful gift was presented by Deputy Postmaster Ferguson, accompanied with the following appropriate remarks:

"Dear Sir.—The officers and clerks in the Post Office of San Francisco tender to you the accompanying gold pony and chain, the latter manufactured in this State from the pure golden ore of our mountains. We ask it acceptance as our gift for Neptune."

Associated with you for a number of years past, and now near the close of your official career, we have been enabled to witness your devotion and fidelity in performing the arduous duties appertaining to a difficult and perplexing trust, and your untiring devotion to the general interests of the public, and the community at large, and more than ordinary gratification at the fact that the public have accorded you its cordial approval.

But apart from the intrinsic value of the gift, we desire to have a higher significance and consideration in your estimate. We present it simply to you as a token of our appreciation of your many qualities of mind and heart.

Trusting that whatever may befit you in the journey of life you may often recur to this hour, we herewith present you with this testimonial of our esteem. The following named gentlemen compose the list of donors: John Ferguson, W. W. Armstrong, J. F. Kloppeberg, Harper & Stuart, Martin, D. McCallum, Saml. M. Koeller, Henry Clay Smith, William Washburn, Jr., John Shorl, T. C. McCallum, J. Shadie Duncan, Jno. W. Brooks, Ferdinand Creighton, J. P. Chamberlin.

In this our last number we have given notice of some misprints in my last letter. No. 1 took water on 9th instead of 8th street and 3 and 6 pumped out the cistern instead of 5 and 6.

No. 3 has a very pretty ornament on their balcony viz. "We wish our friends a happy Christmas and a happy New Year," painted, and surrounded with evergreens, the only external house decoration in the city. I saw a copy of the *Spirit of the Times* last Sunday and read the communication of a very modest individual who toils over the name of Exempt, who says he has long noticed the "fearless and independent course pursued by that paper," and more particularly "its position on fire department matters." What that position is, more than opposing the present Chief, is something I have as yet been unable to learn. If Mr. E had been at the fire corner 14th and G streets he would have learned that the "Old Gal" was hard at work and had an effective stream on the fire. He also contradicts himself by saying that 6 and 2 were the only machines in service, by saying that a line was formed from the 14th street cistern, and that you can lay it before your readers almost simultaneously with its delivery.

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In reply to the above, Mr. Weller, the recipient of this present, replied as follows:

**GENTLEMAN CLERKS.**—You have taken me quite unawares, but I will do my best to give a full statement of your kindly feelings at this time, and the information it produces within me, will do you all justice. So now my kind friends I'll bid you all adieu, and we'll take a glass of lager, with cheese and crackers too.

But before you begin, I'll tell you as sure as you're born, we'll have an asphaltum roof, or still better one of tin, and make a high old cupola, and hang a bell with in.

And now I'll make way for my friend with the organ. Which I think if published, will make a great sensation.

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And now I'll make way for my friend with the organ. Which I think if published, will make a great sensation.

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